The following extract from the St. Paul Piones The following extract from the St. Paul Pioneer Press, will be read with interest by every Western farmer. If the red lonse mentioned will destroy the 'hoppers' eggs, they are indeed a Godsend. The bug or lonse is of a deep red color, about the size of the ordinary louse, which it resembles in shape and movement. Ex-Governor Stephen Miller has investigated them, and writes as follows:

"Last evening when we reached Worthington.

Stephen Miller has investigated them, and writes as follows:

"Last evening, when we reached Worthington, from Lake Shetek, there was quite an excitement in Worthington, owing to the fact that the citizens were generally convinced that a red parasite was destroying the grasshopper eggs. I examined the matter carefully myself, and became convinced that the destruction of the eggs in that immediate vicinity was well assured; but I determined not to write you and excite any hope until a further and more complete examination could be had. We therefore furnished our Bohemian friends with a bottle of the eggs, and their pests, and the commission left in high spirits. We postponed further investigation until this morning, when I left and prosecuted the examination with vigor. The farmers in the vicinity knew nothing of these signs of deliverance, until the visitors from Worthington reached them, and I feel safe in saying to you deliverance, until the visitors from worthington reached them, and I feel safe in saying to you that in a circle of ten miles from Worthington there will scarcely be an egg by to-morrow night. I send you a bottle herewith, containing the comes and the parasites. We could scarcely find a cone, or a sack, except as they were indicated by the surface, and each could be surfaced. by the parasite on the surface; and each cone which was not entirely destroyed, had from five to fifty of the red laborers at work upon the eggs. We found scores of cells with no eggs left which was not carried abovers at work upon the eggs. We found scores of cells with no eggs left except the shells. As fast as the bug finishes one cone, it starts upon an expedition for new worlds to conquer, and it instinctively finds and conquers the new world. I, of course, informed our station agents and others at Hersey and Heron Lake of this discovery, and they also promised to make a thorough investigation, as I will do here, and the results will be reported forthwith. If the matter is general, deliverance is nigh. " I stopped for fifteen minutes one and a half miles west of Wilder, where Section Foreman Smith took me to that part of his farm where eggs were deposited. We could find none by general digging, but wherever we found, as we frequently did, the red parasite on the surface, we found the cone beneath, with the parasite at work, consuming the eggs. " I am aware that two years ago this parasite was found working upon the eggs at Maderia and other places, but here we have the remedy almost as soon as the eggs are laid, while in the former instances the parasite was only discovered in the spring." the parasite was only discovered in the spring." Since the letter from which the foregoing is an extract was written, Governor Miller has receivextract was written, Governor Miller has received a dispatch from a geutleman at Heron Lake, in which the latter says: "I find that parties were in town this morning, talking about the red insect which is effectually destroying the grasshopper eggs. They were found three miles east of here, and also four miles south-west, and all engaged in eating the eggs. I will at once have further examinations made in other directions and south weether the measurement."

The Hog Cholern--A Diagnosis of the Dis-ease--What Can Be Done to Prevent It.

us, and report to-morrow."

WEST JEFFESON, O., Sept. 2.
To the Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette: To the Editor of the Cincinnali Gazette:

For several years past the hog crop of this county has suffered more or less from a disease known as "Hog Cholera," and just now the disorder is prevailing to an extent that promises to add materially to the pressure of "hard times," unless something can be done to prevent or cure it. Believing it to be a matter of importance to the public I sak a place in your past for a brief the public, I ask a place in your paper for a brief mention of the disorder as it appears here, hoping that it may stimulate inquiry and lead to some intelligent understanding of what it really is. As seen here, the symptoms are as follows: The hog becomes gaunt and thin, without any apparent cause. After two or three days, slight difficulty of breathing is observed, a sort of wheezing, and if the animal is hurried, cough is developed. Later, cough is well marked. Diarrhea is not a prominent symptom, usually appears a veloped. Later, cough is well marked. Diarrhea is not a prominent symptom, usually appears a few days before death, but in some cases is lacking entirely. Appetite unimpaired until within a day or two before death. Average duration of a day or two before death. Average duration of the disease, two weeks. Post mortem appearances: Stomach, bowels, liver, spleen, urinary organs, all healthy, or at least, presenting no evidence of disease that could have caused death. The only morbid or pathological condition found in every case, is an inflammation of the lungs and their lining membrane, being, in fact, what is known to physicians as plure pacumonia. If this is the true pathology of what is called "hog cholera," can there not be some treatment adopted with a rational hope of cure? Up to this time, in this county, so far as I know, all treatment has been empirical, consisting in the use of noshas been empirical, consisting in the use of nos-trums the most opposite in their effects, and given without the slightest idea of the nature of the disease. Will some of your readers give us a history of it as it appears in other pla result of treatment f etc.

Tomato Leaves as Insect Killers. The following is good, if true, and it is worth

The following is good, if true, and it is worth a trial by the peach growers:

"I planted a peach orchard," writes M. Siroy, of the Society of Horticulture, Valparaiso, "and the trees grew well and strongly. They had but just commenced to bud when they were invaded by the curculio (pulgon), which insects were followed, as frequently happens, by ants. Having out some tomatoes, the idea occurred to me that, by placing some of the leaves around the trunks and branches of the peach trees, I might preserve them from the rays of the sun, which were very powerful. My surprise was great, upon the folthem from the rays of the sun, which were very powerful. My surprise was great, upon the fol-lowing day, to find the trees entirely free from their enemies, not one remaining, except here and there where a curled leaf prevented the tomate from exercising its influence. These leaves I carefully unrolled, placing upon them fresh ones from the tomato vine, with the result of banishing the last insect and enabling the trees banishing the last insect and enabling the trees to grow with luxuriance. Wishing to carry still further my experiment, I steeped in water some fresh leaves of the tomato, and sprinkled with this infusion other plants, roses and oranges. In two days these were also free from the innumerts which covered them, and I felt sure that had I used the same means with my melor patch, I should have met with the same result. I, therefore, deem it a duty I owe to the Society of Horticulture, to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaf, which I discovered by the merest accident."

Grasshoppers to Rear—Read and Save Your Hon. D. G. Lane, of the West India Islands

Hon. D. G. Lane, of the West India Islands, who is visitings in this city with Rev. P. B. Mc-Menomy, and who will locate next spring in Crawford County, on a large tract of land, has kindly given us the following information in relation to grasshoppers and potato-bugs. He says that the West Indies were troubled with them for years, but so soon as these remediations. that the West Indies were troubled with them for years, but so soon as these remedies were ascertained there were no ravages by either. The western people will hail this information and preventive with delight, and we hope they will at once try the efficacy of these exterminators. The following is the communication: To the Editors of the Council Bluffs Globe:

GENTS: For the last two weeks I have been in this country from the West Indies, and I find in the sountry from the west indies, and I mu the grasshoppers making great ravages in vege-tation. In order to prevent this, born one pound of sulphur on charcoal, in the centre of a field, and save what it has taken so much toil to devel-

op.

To prevent potato-bugs from destroying the crop, plant two grains of flax seed in each hill.

This will prevent them from injuring the potatoes, as they will not go near the flax.

DANIEL G. LANE. Hamilton, Bermuda, W. I.

Hog Cholern Caused by Lack of Shelter.

Hog Cholera Caused by Lack of Shelter.

Seven years ago the disease went through this vicinity, commening in the mouth of September, and every herd, with two exceptions, suffered; those two were treated no better than the rest, only they had good shelter, and were well bedded. Our herd at the time numbered about one hundred head of yearling hogs and as many more spring pigs, of which we lost about one-half. They were running on tame grass pasture, with a grove in it, and a creek of pure water running through it; had corn all summer, and had commenced feeding new corn. This disease broke out among our hogs, as with our neighbors, just after cold rains. Since this experience, we have provided good, high-posted, well-ventilated sheds, and kept them well bedded and dry, at all times of the year, and have lost no more hogs from the cholera, thumps, or any other disease. We use no preventive medicines, and are raising one no preventive medicines, and are raising on hundred and fifty head yearly.—Cor. Chicago In

We read of a man who placed 200 potato bugs in a bottle, and sprinkled lime over them. With-in one hour not one was left alive. On the fol-lowing day he sprinkled lime over his pot ato patch, and on the next morning found tens of thousands of the bugs lying dead. The experi-ment is worth trying.

It is bad policy to throw away soap suds, as they contain the same fertillizing properties as ashes and petash. Spread them upon your garden, or throw them into your pig pen, to be incorpo-rated with the manure there.

#### The fun of the Thing.

JOTTINGS.

Poor Uncle Sam has three hard sums Upon his slate to figure : The Indian, the Chinaman, And the ever present Nigger. The Indian, he must be put down By prompt, decisive action; The only way to work him out, Is by the rule "subtraction."

Not so with Chang, the Chinaman, Who has another mission: He takes the slate from Uncle Sam, And writes down "plain addition."

While Sambo from the South speaks out, Regardless of derision:
The rule for blacks and whites down than
Is simple long division.

"DER GANDIDATE." [Just at this period of time, when national politics he pen to be going on on the largest scale possible, the f lowing anthem is tiwely as well as meritorious:]

Who shtands der streets and gerners round.
Mit sefrel agass to be ground.
Und shmiled und bowed, und nefer frowned?
Der Gandidate.
Who hold your hand ven you would start,
Und told you you was mighty shmart,
Und how he invest you mit his hart?
Der Gandidate.

Why He Won't Vote for Tilden. Atlanta Constitution: "Pete, who is you gwind ter vote fur fur de President!" asked Jake last

"Nobody; now yer got it!"
"What's de reezin ?"
"Well, I done told you some time back dat I warn't gwine ter vote no more of dem 'publicaus in office, didn't I ?" "Yes."

"Well, I wuz tinkin' dat I'd act de free nigger

"Well, I was tinkin' dat I'd act de free nigger an' vote fur de Dimmyerat dis time."

"But yer can't stand him, eh?"

"No, sah! no how! Yer see, de papers, dey makes him out all buckra au' a fine gemman, but one ob dem men at de Pos' office he done sot me right."

"What do he say?"

"He say dat Mister Tildem am de man wat dey have all dat trouble bout twixt him and dat Beecher feller. Au' lissen to me—when a man lows anudder man to 'nsolt his wife an' don't go

Beecher felier. An lissen to me—when a man lows anudder man to 'nsult his wife an don't go cut him wid a razor, dat lets me out wid him."

"You'se right, old man: you allus is," said Jake, as he resumed his half of a watermelon. What He Said to the Bar-keeper.

He ran his rubicand nose into the door of the aloon and remarked: saloon and remarked:

"The campane cummitty hasn't bin aroun' to errange fur the boys, jist yit, I recken !"

"Not yet!" answered the keeper.

"I 'spose old Sam Tilden hasn't knocked in the head o' that ar' barrel o' scads—yit!"

"Hardly!" was the reals.

"Harrily!" was the reply.

"Yas; well, ye might gimme a return check, er a kind o' cuepond, ye know, ter show that I've bin 'round ter stand up by the nommynashuns!"

"O, bite it off right there!" yelled the mixolo-

gist.
"All right, then; ta-tn! But I warn ye that henceforum I'm fa'r prey fur the inem y!" and he slid out into the street again.—Atlanta (Ga.)

A vomans had a mean, cross, bad husband, an-odder vomans was as asked her der following langwages: "How ish der reason dot you urd your husband lif so veil und happy togedder? Efery one vas know dot he vas a cross, ill tempered, and perferse mans, shtill, in you we see us noding but goot deal of shweetness, and ami-able disbositions, and bedween you and your husbands, dhere is efer so much lofe and such dings. Now, it dond vas so mit us, and ofer you got no jeckobtion, blease of you told me how ish der reason dot you got along so vell?"

Vell, I vill yoost told you how dot ting vas comed. It may been dot ting vas cross, you agitate him mid cross vords; but you know dot der Christian religious told me some discrete.

Christian religion told me some dings tifference. Now, vhen mine husband vas comed on der house, und vas passionate, der religion dells me der vay I haf gained der heart of mine husband, und we lif so, so habby, like a pug in der rug. Yah! like two pugs.—Carl Pretzel.

WHY SHE MARRIED THE DOCTOR .- "So you are going to marry a druggist's clerk f" remarked a Chicago girl to another on the street cars yester

The question was asked in an unmistakable ne of derision, and so the fair one addressed

"Of course, don't they have all the soda water they want for nothing?"

"Yes," was the gloomy reply; "they're all right in summer, but what about next winter?"

"Oh, mildly answered the engaged one, "may-be by that time we'll be divorced?"

The interfering friend seemed artisfied The interfering friend seemed satisfied.

"In the Agricultural Hall," says the Centenni correspondent of the Springfield Republican, there are two immense boos, stuffed, each bear ing a placard telling their age and weight, and with the name of the man who prepared them for exhibition, followed by the word, 'taxidermfor exhibition, followed by the word, 'taxidermist.' A man and his wife were looking at these
with great intersest. After reading the placards,
the woman said: 'Why, these are taxidermists.
I thought they were look.' Her husband looked
with a puzzled expression, and went carefully
over the placards. Finally he replied: 'They
are loos. Taxidermist is the name of the place
they came from.'"

SUDDEN SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.-There was no preaching in this town last Sunday, and all in consequence of a practical joke perpetrated by a lively young girl. The young girl, inspired by the world, the flesh, and a little devil mixed, sat down late on Saturday evening and sent a note to each of the pastors. The missives were on tinted paper, and written nicely. They each contained these words: "All is discovered—fly!" Nine of the preachers fled to St. Louis, and three went West There is a sensation in town larger than a man's hand.—Kansas City Times.

"Look here, where was you born !" said a per-"Look here, where was you born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boaton, Tremont street, No. 44, left hand side, on the first day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said: "Yaas; waal, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or brick building, dew ye?"

THE town of Northampton, Mass., is glorying In town of Northampton, Mass., is glorying just now in the honesty of a small boy, too young to undertake wicked jokes, who was found on the street the other day earnestly inquiring where he could find A. W. Faber. "And what do you want of Mr. Faber !" asked a bystander. "Why" replied the boy, "you see I've found a piece of rubber that has his name on it, and I am going to take it back to him." going to take it back to him."

According to a Louisville paper, this is the way a Kentucky candidate for office greets a voter: "Howdy, howdy, howdy!" "Howdy!" "How do you do!" "Tollable." "How's all!" "Tollable." "Your folks well!" "Tollable, how's yourn!" "Tollable." "Neighbors all well!" "Tollable; how's yourn!" "Tollable." "All for me this time!" "Sorter tollable."

An Indiana youngster was reciting her Sunday school lesson, which was about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. "What did the Queen bring to Solomon!" asked the teacher. "Costly gifts," was the answer. "What did Solomon show her!" "His wisdom and his breeches," was the start-ling reply. The answer on the lesson paper read: "His wisdom and his riches."

A YOUNG gentleman, after having for son A YOUNG gentleman, after having for some time paid his addresses to a lady, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said: "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to firghten the lady, and consequently remained silent for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

Lowell Journal: Two men were angrily disputing in front of the post office yesterday. One said, "You're a blear-eyed, beer-beguzzled Dutchman!" The other said, "Vell, by shorge, you was nottings, you was a tam pig nottings, shoost like a—a—pig crow-scare, by shorge, mid oud any shtuffin."

"SUSAN, stand up, and let me see what you have learned—what does c-h-a-i-r spell?"
"I don't know, ma'am."
"Why, you ignorant critter—what do you always sit on?"
"Oh, ma'am, I don't like to tell!"

A BELATED citizen, from whom a policeman was endeavoring to resone a lamp-post a few mornings ago, violently resisted the endeavor, exclaiming, "Lemme lone; I'm (hic) holdin' th' fort."

PROBABLY you have heard why a minister de livering his preoration is like a ragged boy! Because he's tor'd his close, you know. It is hardly apparalel case, however.

"WILLIE, I'm going to beaven," she wrote, "and you will never see me again,"—which was pretty beavy on Wille. ROCKLAND (Me.) Courier: All things perish except virtue and the old blue army overcoats.

#### Aseful and Curious.

As gathering leaves is now quite the rage, we wish to say for the benefit of the fair gleaners who may not know the poison ivy, to beware of its attractive habit, and scan carefully the three-leaved climbers covering the fences, trees, and walls, where they grow with a blaze of beauty. The leaves may be distinguished by their growing in threes, by being shining on both surfaces, their broad, ovate shape, and sharply accuminate points.

points.

The vegetable poison in this plant affects different constitutions differently. Some can handle it, and even pull it up by the roots with impunity, while others are poisoned merely by the wind blown from it while it is being disturbed. But so many are poisoned by it every year, that a word of caution may not be untimely.

The remedies recommended by the botanist, Dr. Bigelow, are acctate of copper and corrosive sublimate, but a physician should be consulted in their use.

With the above, there is equal danger from

With the above, there is equal danger from poison sumach, or poison dogwood, as it is sometimes called, both belonging to the same genus of plants. This has leaves scarcely equaled in the autumn for their crimson brilliancy. They closely resemble the leaves of the common sumach, both of which are common in many localities. The poison species may be certainly distinguished by its light, ash-gray stems, the harmless kind presenting an iron brown.

The former is confined mostly to moist, swampy localtons, while the latter is a habitant of dry situations. If the fruit of the latter is to be seen, it may be at once distinguished by its being in velvety, crimson heads, from six to twelve inches long. The flowers of the poison kind are in loose panicles, and the fruit is as large as peas.

These beautiful autumnal days, with their overflowing wealth of brilliant coloring and deloverflowing wealth of brilliant coloring and delicate penciling, are quite enough to attract one to the hedges and woods, and only a little careful observation in selecting the leafy treasures is required to do it with safety.—Providence Journal

How to Get Rid of a Cold. Dr. Ferrier, in a recent number of the Lancet recommends a novel cure, which he has tried with excellent effect in three cases—his own and with excellent effect in three cases—his own and two other persons. The local symptoms of cold in the head—namely, watery eyes, running nose, sneezing, and nasal speech—are the chief source of annoyance and discomfort. On a certain evening recently, Dr. Ferrier says: "I began to suffer with the symptoms of cold in the head, irritation of the nostrils, sneezing, watering of the eyes, and commencing flow of the mucous secretion. Having some trisuitrate of bismuth at hand, I took repeated pinches of it in the form of sufficient is trongly some treatment. hand, I took repeated pinches of it in the form of soulf, inhaling it strongly, so as to carry it well into the interior of the nostrils. In a short time the tickling in the nostrils and sneezing ceased, and next morning all traces of coryza had disap-peared." Dr. Ferrier adds: "The formula which I find on the whole the most suitable combina-tion of the ingredients of the soulf, is as follows: Hydrochlorate of morphia, two grains; acacia powder, two drachms; trisnitrate of bismuth, six drachms. Of this powder, one quarter to one-half may be taken as snuff in the course of the twenty-four hours. The inhalations ought to be commenced as soon as the symptoms of coryza begin to show themselves, and should be read frequently at first one to keep the interview. oryza begin to snow themselves, and should be need frequently at first, so as to keep the interior of the nostrils constantly well coated. Each time the nostrils are cleared another pinch should be taken. It may be taken in the ordinary manner, from between the thumb and forefinger, but a much more efficacions and less wasteful method

is to use a small gutter of paper, or a snuff spoon, placing it just within the nostril and snuffing up forcibly, so as to carry it well within. Roses intended for forcing in pots next winter (having been kept in their pots during summer, should be taken out at this time, the old soi should be taken out at this time, the old soil well shaken from the roots, and repotted in the same sized pots. The soil most suitable for rose culture is good, fresh loam, mixed with about one-third well-decayed cow manure, which is much superior to horse manure or any other kind much superior to horse manure or any other kind of animal manure—horse droppings are apt to create fungi when used for any purpose under glass—and, besides, cow manure is cooler and consequently more suited to the requirments of the rose. What is termed a stiff, mellow loam, is what the rose does best in; very loose, open soil does not produce such fine buds, nor (as is the case with Bon Silene) are they so highly colored as when grown in the stiff soil. When potting, firm the soil well around the roots, and leave no empty space around the edges of the leave no empty space around the edges of the pot. Prune the plants well back when they are taken out of the pots; it is not only much more convenient doing it at this time, but they generally make fixer breaks than when they are left until later.

Pickled Red Cabbage.

Pickled Red Cabbage.

The purple red cabbage is the finest. Slice them into a sieve and salt each layer, remembering that too much salt will spoil the color. Drain for three days; dry it, add some sliced beet-root, and put in a jar. Pour boiling vinegar over it. Mace, bruised giager, whole pepper, horseradish, and cloves, boiled with the vinegar, will make a great improvement. Tie bladders over the jars. In a few days open, and see if the vinegar has shrunk away; if so, fill up with cold vinegar. Some recommend that the vinegar be boiled, but allowed to cool before pouring over the cabbage. A little bruised cornmeal makes this pickle a beautiful color, and is harmless. If kept very loug, pickled cabbage gets soft, but is very nice, especially if eaten soon after it is made. Another method of making this pickle is to quarter the especially if eaten soon after it is made. Another method of making this pickle is to quarter the cabbage, remove all stalks, then alice thin, and, after treating as the above, add cold vinegar, with one onnee of whole black pepper, one-half ounce of bruised ginger, and a little cayenne pepper to every quart of vinegar.

Dog Bittes.—Mr. McDonald, in Land and Water, says: "I beg to invoke the powerful aid of your columns to dispel the silly delusion that a person bitten by a dog will die of hydrophobia, should the animal go and afterward. Many people of nervous temperament have actually died of this fear alone, while a lamentable amount of ignorance ou the subject is still allowed to grow up. When a dog bites he is instantly suspected of madness, although not one in a thousand of the offenders is rabid; and consequently, numbers of our capine friends are cruelly sacrificed in mere panic. Moreover, hundreds of our superstitious fellow-creatures, once bitten, live in a horrible suspense, believing that they must die of the dreadful malady. Now, the bite of a sound dog is no more fatal than the scratch of a child. Furthermore, a competent authority states that, even when rabid dogs bite, only one case in twenty-nine is followed by hydrophobia." Dog Bites .- Mr. McDonald, in Land and Water,

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—The editor of the New England Farmer endorsed the following mode of preserving cider sweet for five years: Leach and filter the cider through pure sand, after it has worked and before it has soured. Put no alcohol or other substance with it. Be sure that the vessels you put it in are perfectly clean and sweet. After it has leached or filtered, put it in barrels or casks, filled, so as to leave no room for air, bung them tight, and keep it where it won't freeze till February or March; then put it in champagne bottles, filled, drive the cork and wire them. The best cider is late made, or made when it is as cold as can be, and not freeze. We KERPING CIDER SWEET .- The editor of the New when it is as cold as can be, and not frezen. We drank some cider from a barrel, filtered as above mentioned, the honr of this writing, made in the interior of New York, which was as sweet as if only made the day before.

COUGH SYRUP.—Take one ounce of thoroughwort, one onnce of slippery elm, one onnce of stick licorice, and one ounce of flax seed. Simmer together in one quart of water, until the strength extracted. Strain carefully, adding one piut of the best molasses and one-half pound of loaf sugar, and simmer them well together. When cool, bottle tight. A few doses of one ta-blespoonful at a time will alleviate the most distressing cough. It will break up entirely whooping, and no better remedy can be found for croup, asthma, brouchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat.

THE ordinary ferns that grow wild all over the THE ordinary ferns that grow wild all over the country can be taken home, and in the late antimu exposed to the frost—better be "frozen dead"—and after a few weeks of rest in this condition may be gradually thawed out, following the course of nature as far as possible. Then, planted in ferneries, the roots soon sprout, and the leaf develops, and the plant is reproduced in all its perfection. This is not theory merely, but the result of observations by a lady who evidently knows how to use her eves as well as evidently knows how to use her eyes as well as

PLUM OR CRAB-APPLE CATSUP.-This catsup PLUM OR CRAB-APPLE CATSUP.—This catsup forms one of the best of relisbes, and should be more generally on the table. At this season it may be put up to advantage. The recipe is three pounds of fruit, one and three-fourths pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cloves, the same of pepper and cionamou, one teaspoonful of salt. Scald the fruit, rub through the colender, then mix all together, and boil until it is about like jam.

It is is stated by those who have tried the ex-periment, that a pint of mustard seed put into a barrel of cider will preserve it sweet for months.

#### Songs of the Campaign.

OLD TILDEN'S POOR SHOW.

[AIB-"Old Rosin the Bose."] sammy, the bastard "Reformer," a gonfalon droops for a gust; day, as the battle grows warmer, a banners are trailed in the dust. CHO.—Oh. Tilden your cake is all dough,
o-ough, o-ough, o-ough;
Your cake, like your face, it is dough,
For the people will vote you a humbug,
When the whole of your record they know

You're sharp se they make 'em, my codger, But your tricks are too thin for to-day. And we know you're the artfullest dodger That over stacked plunder away. Cho.—But, Sammy, your games are no go,
o—o, o—o, o—o,
Your confidence games are no go,
And you'll feel, ere the canvass is over,
A mighty hard row you must hoe.

You're ashamed, and you know it; your letter Was weak as dish-water can be; And soon you will find you had better Go cool yourself off in the sea. Cno.—For, Tilden, though voters are slow,
c-0, 0-0, 0-0,
To act most abominably slow,
They don't want a Janus "Reformer,"
With too many strings to his bow.

You tell us contraction will master The problem of National Debt. But we see the superior shinplaster Rid safe up your sleeve, even yet. CHO.—Oh, Sammy, how could you do so!

O—O, O—O, O—O,

What made you play fast and loose so!
Your two-faced appeal to the people.
Will call for a thundering No!

No wonder your forebead is claumy— Your feelings a prayerful amaze— When your record is opened, poor Samuy, And you stand face to face with Ruth. Hayes Cao.—And, Uncle, your wonder will grow,
0—0, 0—0, 0—0,
Your fears like a freshet will grow,
When fraud and had faith and sece
Confrost you like ghosts in a row.

Oh, Sammy, you flabby old failure, A fraud and a suck and a sell, We've chartered a Salt River sailor To ferry your ticket to—well CHO .- We'll send you where humbugs all go, o-a, o-o, o-o, Where Tweed and his pals ought to go; And you shall dream where the waters Of tatal oblivion flow.

THE PSALM OF SAM. TILDEN.

In good Boss Tweed's successful days,
I ruled the State Committee:
But when they found our crooked ways,
O, wasn't it a pity!
I stuck to William, fast and true,
I spent the money stolen,
I put the facile Hoffman through—
Oh, wasn't I a cool one?

But when O'Brien gave the Times
These all-convincing figures.
And Jones began to ring the chimes,
By Jove, I had the rigors!
I took to water—dived, in fact,
Played possum for a season;
And when all safe, came up intact,
And charged old Tweed with treas

This plan I've followed all through life, To keep an eye to leeward; And when your brother falls in strife, Hanl off a while to seaward; If he comes up, throw out a stick, And clasp your arms around him If he goes down, give him a kick, And let him sink, confound him

When Dix had made an easy path, I went it for "Reform," Uncorked the vials of my wrath, And bared my awful arm. I smote Canal Rings—hip and thigh— But mark, in this connection, Your Uncle kept a wary eye For effect on the election.

At last, by hook and crook, I've got The longed-for nomination; But then there is a dreadful blot, That mars the situation; That ogly baby made of rags, That Hendricks keeps a nursing, Out-squalls my most vociferous brags And sets me almost cursing.

And then, to hear the people cry—
"Hurrah for old Sham Tilden
And Tommy Hindrence!" May I die,
And my little bed be filled in,
If I don't think the game is up
For this old double-dealer:

Men may not die, or may not sleep, But they'll vote for Hayes and Wheeler CAMPAIGN BATTLE-HYMN. BY FRANK J. OTTARSON--("BAYARD.")

Mine eyes behold the banner of the soldier patriot, Hayes With the flashing stars of Liberty its field is all ablaze, As it marshals us to battle in the cool November days; Its light is shining on! Chorus,—Glory, glory, hellelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Its light is shining on!

I hear the tramp of freemen marching onward to the polls; The thunder of their cheering over all the nation rolls; God bless the burning ardor of their patriotic souls, As they go marching on!

II.

Ho! quit the desk, and quit the loom, and leave the plow affeld:
And be every loyal bosom with patriotism steeled;
And never cease to struggle till the triumph shall be sealed,
As you go marching on!

Behold, the sun of Austerlitz is flaming in the sky!
Now, onward to the onset, for victory is nigh!
Once more for God and Liberty, and win the field or die
As you go marching on! CHORUS.—Glory, etc. I use the Sham Democracy slink backward to their caves: Peace whiners and Copperbands, a rabble-rout of knaves, A re flying from the vanguard of our old Union braves, As we go marching on!

Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler, right noble men and true! Shake out the grand old ensign, the red, the white, and blue. And where the demon drove the hogs, send Tilden and his crew, As we go marching on!

CHORUS.—Glory, etc. WHAT THE VETERANS THINK.

BY MATTHEW WALKER

I don't profess to be learned and wise.
Though I manage to read and write.
But I try to study the signs of the times.
For I know that black isn't white;
I've an ounce of Rebel lead in my side,
And it feels most awful queer.
When I read the tricks of the slippery chaps
Who fought so well in the rear.

I did my best for the dear old flag.-"Twas little enough, 'tis true,— But my heart was right, if my arm seas weak, When I marched with the "Boys in Blue;"

They talk of Tilden for President,

tors then. We marched, and suffered, and fought with Hayes, Ohio's poblest son:

Chie's noblest sen;
And now we'll fall in line once more,
Until the victory's won;
Where he rose followed he chose to lead,
With never a doubt or fear;
And now we'll whip the cowardly crew
Who fought so well in tue rear.

We hold no grudge 'gainst the 'Boys in Gray,'
Who fought so long and well,—
They faced the music, and showed their grit,
When many a hero fell;
We clasp their hands, and bury the past,
In this glad Centennial year;
Int Northern veterans can never forget
The cowards who fought in the rear.

WE'RE GOING TO BEAT LITTLE SAM.

[AIR-"Tippecanoe and Tyler too."] [All-"Typecance and Tyler toc."]
What has caused this great commotion,
Motion, motion? the land's ablaze;
It is the people rising up
For Rutherford Hayes and honest ways,
For Rutherford Hayes and better days;
And with him we'll beat little Sam.;
Sam., Sam. is a used-up man;
And with him we'll beat little Sam.

The Rebels are all turning blue, Blue, blue; they stand amaze, Hine, blue; they stand amaze, For yonder comes the ship of State, With the flag of Hayes and glorious days; And we're going to best little Sam.; Sam., Sam. is a used-up man; And we're going to best little Sam.

For Hayes and Wheeler then we shout, Shout, shout; the cry we raise; And men and women join the song; For the land's ablaze for honest Hayes; For the land's ablaze for honest Hayes; And with him we'll beat little Sam.; Sam., Sam. is a used-up man; And with him we'll beat little Sam.

WHO'S HAYES!

Who's Hayes! Ask Sheridan and Crook; Ask Early, if you will; He asw him once at Cedar Creek— Again at Fisher Hill.

Who's Hayes! They well know who be is, In spite of feigned surprise: But then. "where ignorance is bliss, Tis folly to be wise." A Western paper sings sadly:
Gently amouth the wounded feelings,
Gently sooth the aching pates,
Bring a thousand brooms, and gently
Hide from view the shattered slates

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